

# THE GENUINE IMPORTED CARLSBAD MINERAL WATER.

Nature's Wonderful Remedy for the Cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Gastric Catarrh and All Diseases of the Stomach, Chronic Intestinal Inflammations, Diabetes Mellitus, Obesity, Gout, Rheumatism and Gravel.

## DR. B. HOFMEISTER

Read before the Medical Society of London a paper on the use of

### "CARLSBAD WATER,"

of which the following is an abstract:

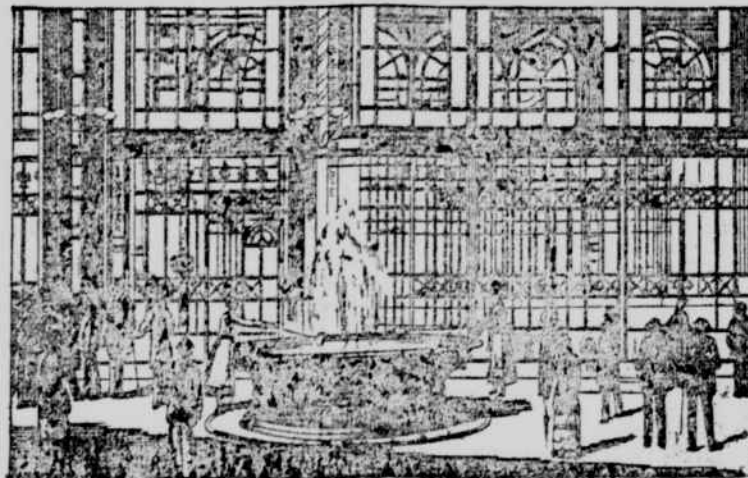
In speaking of these diseases in which the use of Carlsbad Water is indicated I will confine myself to such in which evidence is given for thoroughly established usefulness.

First are to be mentioned diseases of the stomach, among them and above all the true Chronic Catarrh of the stomach with substantial changes of the mucous membrane, with ulceration and gathering of stringy and often somewhat offensive mucus.

The unnatural motions of the stomach causing pressure and belchings, the irritations of the intestines resulting in catarrh of the bowels, and the inflamed mucous membranes are the most fruitful of all known causes of disease. Out of them grow most kidney and liver troubles, diabetes, all rheumatic affections and gout. I have found that the unnatural motions of the stomach cease, the intestinal troubles become smoothed, and health results from a continued use of Carlsbad Water. The diuretic effects of this water, its quiet action upon the lining of the stomach and its healing power upon the inflamed intestines are beyond all praise.

Dr. Lustig, of Teplice, issued a pamphlet wherein he recognized the great efficacy of Carlsbad Water in RHEUMATISM, both acute and chronic, when taken COLD. In conclusion I have only to refer to the DIURETIC effects of Carlsbad Water, and need not enumerate all diseases in which it is desirable to produce a large diuresis.

It is, perhaps, not superfluous to mention that Carlsbad Water is in no sense a mere purgative, as most people believe; but it is an alternative and eliminative remedy, which dissolves out toxicous bile, allays irritation and removes obstruction by AIDING NATURE, and not by sudden and excessive stimulants, as most cathartic remedies do. Its action is certain and a cure when effected is permanent. Not infrequently patients have to use the Sprudel Salt, in addition to the water, as a laxative.



Dr. J. Seegen, Professor of Medicine at the University of Vienna, in his celebrated work on Diabetes, says: "Of all remedies in my large experience with this disease, and the many experiments which I, as well as such prominent men as Anger, Fleckles, Hlawazek and others have made, Carlsbad Water deserves to be placed in the first rank. "All of the above writers agree with me that the use of the Carlsbad Water exerts a very beneficial influence in Diabetes. I have in the course of many years treated a very large

## PROF. HLAWAZEK

Gives the following representation of the effects of

### Carlsbad Mineral Waters:

"What we have positively ascertained is, that Carlsbad Water in a HIGH DEGREE PROMOTES ORGANIC CHANGES IN THE SYSTEM; that principally by its alkaline constituents it acts as an absorbent of fat and as an antacid throughout the organism, and that it performs this wholesome action by stimulating, augmenting and chemically ALTERING THE WHOLE PROCESS OF SECRETION."

The experience of Prof. Jaeksch is that one of the most prominent effects of Carlsbad Water consists in absorption of fresh and old exudation; this depends upon the diuretic action of the water, which will prove efficient in all tumors originating from exudations and in the various maladies produced by them.

Prof. Hlawazek has proven by clinical experiments, &c., that the Waters of Carlsbad act in the same manner when taken at home as if taken at the Spring, and their remedial action is not impaired by export.

Free movement is one of the principal conditions, particularly for those people whose sickness chiefly was caused by a sedentary life. Suitable muscular activity promotes the excretion of the products of decomposition accumulated in different parts of the body by inactivity. Exercise, consisting of walking, &c., should be moderate and adapted to the condition of the patient.

Beware of imitations. The genuine is bottled under the supervision of the city of Carlsbad and has the seal of the city and the signature of "Elsner & Mendelson Co." on the neck of every bottle.

ONE DOZEN QUARTS, \$4.00. ONE CASE, CONTAINING FIFTY BOTTLES (QUARTS), \$15.00. SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents for the United States; Office, 6 Barclay St., New York.

## GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL.

### THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

#### REFORM AND THE PRESIDENT—HE WRITES TO A

##### LITTLE GIRL—ORIGIN OF THE DYNAMITE GUN.

Washington, May 12.—Although "The New York Times" and other staid Midwestern newspapers may adopt an apologetic tone relative to President Cleveland's devotion to Reform, all Washingtonians know that he loves it more than life itself, and if one seeks for proofs of such devotion here, why—in the language of the boulevard—"this woods is full of 'em." To cite a typical case, I heard the other day of an ex-Union soldier who came here from the Pacific slope, lured by the President's earnest professions, to seek a clerkship through the legitimate channels of a competitive examination. The substitute whom our soldier-loving Executive sent to the war had not been written from the soldiers' home at Bath, as he did last summer, such discouraging details of his great principal's conduct toward him; and the soldier from the far Pacific coast, with pride how Governor Cleveland had shaken hands with him long ago in a paternal manner, as he lay in a New York hospital slowly recovering from his terrible wound. Trusting, therefore, in a splendid war and social record, in a magnificent education which he had improved by graduating from Heidelberg, this mailed soldier obtained a designation from the Civil Service Commission, and entered a competitive examination. He made, I learn, the unprecedented marking of 97 points out of a possible 100, and upon inquiry ascertained that he stood highest of all his competitors, and Adjutant-General Brown, ever foremost in all good words—such, for example, as the return of the Rebel flag—promised him his office to secure him an appointment. After repeated trials, however, to secure the place he is certainly entitled to, this gallant soldier, having suffered for nearly three years "that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," has abandoned the effort in despair. I cite this as a "modern instance" of the love which Mr. Cleveland bears to "reform," not only in the abstract but also in the concrete; a love which, like David's love for Jonathan—as "Bishop" Otterly might put it—"passeth the love of woman."

That story about the bread-tray, published in "The Tribune" last Sunday, recalls another Georgia incident which proved somewhat embarrassing to the President. Judge Crisp, of Americus, Georgia, chairman of the House Committee on Elections, is on friendly terms with Mr. Cleveland. He is an ardent admirer of Mrs. Cleveland, and it is said that the Judge's esteem for the President and Mrs. Cleveland is reciprocated by them both.

About a year ago Judge Crisp was attending a convention in Columbus, Georgia. While the convention was sitting, from some unaccountable and never explained cause, the rumor became general that there was an heir to the White House. Judge Crisp is too heavily alive to the necessities of social as well as official life, not to have at once telegraphed his congratulations to the father and mother. When the Judge learned the next day that the rumor lacked foundation his chagrin knew no bounds. Later, when he returned to Washington, it was some time before he could make up his mind to "face" the President. The Judge's explanation was, of course, accepted. One who saw him greet Cleveland a few weeks afterward says that although the Judge made out the slightest intimation to her of his blunder, he blushed to where the roots of his hair used to be, and after the fewest words possible under the circumstances, beat a hasty retreat. He was with the delegation that solicited the appointment of Colonel Lamar, when the President showed his indignation about the bread-tray. Doubtless, then, the Judge's congratulatory telegram looked like the writing that Dolores saw.

The autograph collector and the relic hunter distrust much of the peace and quiet of Senators and Representatives. Congressman "Tim" Tamm, however, is credited with inventing a clever means of answering the demands of this gentry. He has recently been besieged with requests from his constituents to secure the pen with which the late Chief Justice signed the great telephone decision. It was impossible to get the pen, and, even if it were possible, the pen could not be passed around to all who were desirous of obtaining it. Tamm finally hit on a plan. He purchased a job lot of ancient-looking quills and soaked the points in ink. One of these he labeled:

"With this quill the late Chief Justice penned the great Anarclitic decision."

Another bore a card on which was written:

"This pen wrote the great telephone decision." A dozen or more were thus labelled and forwarded to Tamm's relic-hunting constituents of the Saginaw. The plan is said to have worked admirably until last week, when five distinct pens which had written the great anarclitic decision were exhibited in five distinct windows at Tamm's Saginaw home.

That must have been rather an interesting meeting which took place recently between Senator "Joe" Brown, of Georgia, and the President. The Senator had not been at the White House for many months. He had made two speeches against the President's message. One was devoted to the question of protection; and the other was a forcible argument in favor of abolishing the Internal Revenue according to the platform of '94.

The Junior Georgia Senator, Colquitt, who has recently distinguished himself by a successful handling of the machine in Georgia's politics, had made a speech in favor of retaining the Internal Revenue, which had been circulated in Georgia by means of official and unofficial subscriptions. The conversation between Mr. Cleveland and Senator Brown doubtless turned on the subject of the Senator's opposition to the message. It would have been a treat for Senator Colquitt to have listened to his dignified, reserved colleague saying:

"Mr. President, it is true I have spoken in favor of abolishing the Internal Revenue system; I have done it not only because I thought it right, but also at the request of my State. Three Legislatures have passed resolutions instructing the Georgia Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote for such repeal. Besides that, Mr. President, one set of these instructions came to me signed and approved by my present colleague, Senator Colquitt, then Governor of the State of Georgia."

Well, that is about what Senator Brown said, and if Senator Colquitt can find and consolation in his speech in the United States Senate in opposition to these instructions, approved and signed by him as Governor, the consolation doubtless equals of Federal pay for his kindness, kindness and benevolence.

"There is an untold story connected with the invention of the dynamite gun, which is worthy a place in the story-books alongside the accounts of Robert Fulton's sea-top, Isaac Newton's falling apple and Galileo's swaying chandelier." "These said a Michigan Congressman who was among those watching the recent launching of the dynamite cruiser 'Vesuvius.' "The dynamite gun, which is now thought to be such a wonder," he continued, "grew from a piece of pipe mounted on a sawbuck. Some five or six years ago a schoolteacher at Detroit conceived the idea of using a dynamite projectile thrown from an air-gun. He got a long piece of ordinary three-quarter inch gas-pipe, about twelve feet in length, and made a rough air-gun to put his idea into practice. This was mounted on a sawbuck, and those who saw the odd thing laughed at it as the product of some crank's brain. It was taken to Fort Wayne, below Detroit, where the officers tried it out of charity to the supposed crank. It threw a small dynamite shell a short distance. Several wealthy Detroiters were impressed with the value of the gun, and a company was soon organized to take hold of its manufacture. Frederick Hooper, T. S. Darling, Alexander McVitie and other members of the Detroit Dry Dock Company, took stock in the company. Harvey D. Kline, formerly of Detroit, and now of New York, engineered the gradual development of the invention. Finally the company grew into the present one, in which Messrs. Hooper, Darling and McVitie still hold stock. The perfected dynamite gun came from this obscure beginning of a gas-pipe mounted on a sawbuck."

At this point some one asked what became of the schoolmaster.

"Oh, he has been lost sight of," concluded the Congressman, "the same as most other inventors."

There cannot, of course, be any "offensive partnership" in the continued absence from his important duties of Robert W. Rose, the Recorder of the General Land Office, who is, I am informed, doing Democratic missionary work—padding conventions, etc., in advance—in his native State of Illinois. And yet Mr. Rose is a Presidential appointee. It is doubtless also purely a matter of accident that the Recorder thereof is a Democrat, as I am informed, in the Democratic vineyard for William R. Morrison and not for "The Physical Wreck." No doubt, if Secretary Vilas knew it, he would gently chide his recalcitrant subordinate, and "instruct" him for "The Grand Pensioner," whom he so fondly cherishes.

Representative Edward Lane of the XVIIIth District of Illinois, from which district Rose was appointed to his fat annual salary of \$2,000, doubtless has some "impetuous" holes to reward, for shortly before the

Recording Democratic Missionary left Washington, he blandly informed Charles M. Heaton of his Division, that he wanted his resignation and would give him a month's leave of absence thereon. Mr. Heaton, who is one of the oldest and most faithful clerks in the General Land Office, and was appointed in May, 1891, wrote out a guarded letter of resignation claiming therein that he wrote it in obedience to his chief, Ross. This he took to Chief Clerk Walker, who told him his resignation had not been called for by Secretary Vilas or Land Commissioner Stockbridge, and he need not hand it in. The chief clerk went still further and gave Mr. Heaton a copy of a confidential letter from his chief, the recorder thereof, in which the latter stated that he wanted poor Republican Heaton's place for a younger and an impressionable man of the Democratic faith; whom he would doubtless have "run in" through the usual reform methods. Mr. Heaton's soul is stirred within him, and it is said there will be "blood on the face of the moon" when Ross returns from "whooping" up the untimely for Bill Morrison.

Next August, I hear, a statue of Lewis Cass, Secretary of State under President Buchanan, will be added to the group in "Statuary Hall," as the gift of Michigan. The sculptor, French, has been engaged on the figure for some time at Rome, and recent letters from him state that the statue will be shipped, and reach Washington early in August. It will probably occupy a place between John Allen and Governor Troubridge. Congress will attend the unveiling according to custom, but should an adjournment occur before the statue arrives it will probably remain veiled until next session.

A prominent official in the Treasury Department said the following note to the ever-growing fund of Civil Service information:

"It appears," sentimentally observed the official aforesaid, "that Mr. 'Moke' Modiano applied to aid in the collection of the customs revenues of his adopted country, and he had to undergo the crucial ordeal of a competitive 'entrance examination.' The papers handed in by the ardent regulator of 'Kingland's crowd' are said to have been unique in many particulars, but perhaps their greatest claim for the ingenious apologist of 'Moke' was Moke's answer to the question: 'Who discovered America, where did he sail from, and at what point did he land?'"

"Now, why would you be so kind as to furnish a foolish question?" wrote Moke in a large fat hand. "It was Christopher Columbus discovered America. He sailed from Cork, and where the Devil else should he land but at Castle Garden, furnish the history! As no sensible day?"

"It was doubtless a relative of Moke's," continued my official friend, "who, being in 'parlance' of an 'appointment,' with that truly which is said to rush in where angels fear to tread," added Latin, of his own option, to the subjects on which he desired to be examined. He came to the very simple question, 'May were the words 'Have Canada!' often placed in prominent letters in the attic of Roman houses, and what did they mean?"

"'Have Canada,'" replied my official friend, "was a good-natured competitor in a stage whisper; and good-natured competitor in a stage whisper."

"'Have the cane,'" replied the college graduate with a shy twinkle in his eye.

"'Have the cane,'" as you see, the stick—the alibi of old Cleveland began! "wrote down the enthusiastic candidate; and the amused Examiners smiled blandly. 'Under Civil Service Rules' when they found the well-known adjuration to would be transposed upon old Moke's application, 'Have the cane' as freely translated."

Sonator Vest was entertaining the Commerce Committee of the Senate recently with some anecdotes illustrative of the character of Thomas H. Benton, his eminent predecessor, who represented the State of Missouri in the Senate from 1821 to the year of Missouri's admission to the Union, until 1851. Among other stories that the Senator told was the following concerning Mr. Benton's vanity, one of his few failings.

It was necessary at one time that an operation should be performed on Senator Benton. The physician in attendance told Mr. Benton that the operation was necessary.

"But is not this a dangerous operation, doctor?" asked the Senator. "Did not Piny the elder die as a result of a similar operation performed upon him?"

"The operation is not dangerous as you performed," answered the physician. "Modern science has rendered it comparatively simple."

The operation was performed and Mr. Benton survived it. A few years later as he lay sick almost unto death, he sent for this same physician and made him the following request:

"Doctor, I wish you would write after my death

a full history of the operation you performed on me. And I wish you to say that this operation was performed on Piny the elder and he died; that it was performed on Thomas H. Benton and he survived it."

In the Senate restaurant one end of the counter is called the "cheap and hungry corner." Here baked beans are sold for ten cents a plate, fish balls for ten cents each, and deviled crabs at the same figure. Doughnuts, cakes, pies, and so on are correspondingly cheap. Nearly every day of late, in this "cheap and hungry corner," can be seen a large, handsome gentleman with ruddy cheeks and gray mustache, Colonel "Dick" Bright, the law partner of old "Joe" McDonald of Indiana.

His regular luncheon is pie, varied occasionally by beans, and he always drinks from a tall slender pitcher. The curiosity of some "regulars" was aroused the other day, and one of them asked a colored waiter what the gentleman had in the pitcher.

"If you won't give me away, boss, I'll tell you," said the colored man, "the gentleman has a pitcher for, and at a lunch counter, and along with pie and beans."

"Well, I don't know, boss; most likely he's got to be done like his champagne that way, but some of the people he does his business for and how extravagant he is."

Congressman Nathan Goff who represents the 1st District of West Virginia, was, as an acquaintance with political history is aware, the Republican nominee for the office of Governor of his State in 1870. General Goff had a brilliant military record, and since the close of the war had been closely identified with politics in his State. One of the West Virginia delegates was telling the following story:

Believing that West Virginia was not altogether irretrievably Democratic, General Goff determined to do what more of his predecessors had done to carry the war into the enemy's camp. Accordingly he announced that on a certain date he would make a speech at Braxton Court House. There were not more than fifteen or twenty Republican votes in Braxton County. The Sheriff, who was a Democratic leader, made up his mind that the people of the country did not care to hear General Goff. He therefore advertised a half-dollar sale to take place on the day the speech was to be delivered. When General Goff arrived, he found the Court House steps and all the trees around occupied by deputy sheriffs crying the value of various pieces of property. Nothing daunted, he mounted the first convenient barrel he could find, and began to speak, saying that the crying of the deputies did not have the desired effect, the Sheriff and the United Democratic rallied about General Goff, improved stump and began to yell.

The General is a little man, but his eyes began to blaze in a way that meant business. Holding up his right hand he cried out above the noise of the crowd:

"I have heard that you before. I heard it behind loaded muskets. I was not afraid of it then, and I am not afraid of it now. I am going to make this speech."

The crowd stopped yelling and then spontaneously broke out in a cheer for the plucky general. The speech was delivered and to a very attentive audience, and while General Goff may not have converted Braxton County to his political belief, he left a great many Democratic friends behind him when he returned to his home.

Sonator Kenna and Senator Blackburn are great sportsmen, as every one knows. Each is the owner of a pointer, the relative merits of which they are frequently engaged in discussing in the cloak-rooms of the Senate, much to the amusement of their more staid colleagues. The other day Kenna said to Blackburn, lighting a fresh cigar:

"Joe, you may talk as much as you like about your dog, but mine won't go out with me when the card dogs don't let it in."

An audible smile went around the room, and everybody thought, well, for once, Joe Blackburn has been beaten at his own game. The Junior Senator from Kentucky, however, was equal to the occasion. He looked at Kenna for a minute and then quietly remarked:

"Well, Kenna, I admit that your dog exhibits an intelligence almost akin to reason, but I don't mind having mine against him. I was in the field one day with that dog, and a man I was not acquainted with came along near us. My dog pointed at him. I called to that dog, but nothing would induce him to move. So I went up to the stranger."

Without another word Kenna took Blackburn's arm and both disappeared in the direction of the Senate restaurant, followed by the shouts of their friends.

Librarian Spofford thinks that the statue of Washington which stands in front of the Capitol should be covered, as exposure to the wind and rain is seriously damaging to marble. There are other reasons, probably, why the statue should receive better care. Vandalism has no respect for him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Not long ago, some juvenile artists pencilled the eyes to give them a strabismic effect; in other words, disfiguring the hero in marble as much as in life he made havoc with the cherry tree. For the past forty years or more people have laughed at the cold air and naked form of George Washington. The statue which was designed by Greenough, has been the butt of all the jokes of Senators, Representatives, strangers and guides. Even solemn Allen G. Thurman is said to have aided in the ridiculing.

The outcasted hand of George," remarked the Ohio statesman once. "Seems to me to say, 'Here's my sword, my clothes are in the latest office.'"

"Sir," I said, "would you oblige me with your name?" "Certainly," replied the stranger; "my name is Partridge."

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Another was commenting on the statue of Columbus on the front steps of the Capitol balancing the World in his right hand, remarked:

"George Washington is playing ball with Columbus and saying, 'Quit your fooling and play ball.'"

Still this statue has a longer history than any other at the Capitol, probably. It was begun at the end of Andrew Jackson's first term, and took eight years for Horatio Greenough to make it. He did the work in Florence, Italy, and made the statue in a sitting posture instead of standing erect, as the act of Congress commanded. It was designed to stand in the centre of the Rotunda inside the Capitol, when it was completed in 1840. The next question was how to get it from Italy to America. Congress haggled over it for some time, and finally sent a man-of-war to bring it from Genoa to Washington. In the meanwhile, Mr. Greenough had started it to Genoa. It weighed twelve tons and it took twenty-two yoke of oxen to haul it. As it went on its way toward Italy, the peasants thought it an image of some saint, and here and there they knelt and crossed their breasts as it went by. When it got to Genoa, it was found that it was so large it could not be gotten through the hatchway of the man-of-war which was to carry it to Washington, and a merchant vessel had to be chartered.

At last it arrived at the Washington Navy Yard, and Congress was horrified to see that the statue, which they expected to stand upright, was sitting in a chair, and that it was nude to the waist. Henry A. Wise then said:

"The man does not live, and never did live, who saw Washington without his shirt." And the country applauded the sentiment.

But the Navy Yard is not the Capitol, and it cost \$25,000 to bring the statue from it to the Rotunda. When it reached the Capitol doors it was found that the statue, like the painting of the Vice of Washington's family, was too large to go through, and the masonry had to be cut away and the door enlarged. When it was finally put in, it is said that the floor began to sink, and a pedestal had to be built to support it. It was soon found that the Rotunda was no place for it. Some people thought that it was too large and out of proportion with its surroundings, and others, haggling from the Senate over to the House, found it an obstacle in their path; still others insisted that it looked artistic merit. But whatever the reason, the statue, after a number of removals, was taken to where it now stands in the bitter cold, howl air of the Capitol plateau where the winds can blow all of Washington's agony as they go tearing by, and where his nakedness "has the boundaries arch of the sky for his canopy." Originally it was to cost \$50,000; it has already cost \$44,000, and this sum has considerably increased at every removal.

One feature of the correspondence of prominent men and women is the letters received from children. A day scarcely passes that does not bring the President or Mrs. Cleveland a letter from some child ambitious to receive a reply from the Chief Magistrate or First Lady of the land. Everybody who reads that it is an art that but few people possess to write a successful and appropriate letter to a child, I don't say that Mr. Cleveland possesses it, but certainly the following letter which he wrote to little Miss Olive Allen, of Washington, in reply to a letter she had written him, is a masterpiece.

"My Dear Little Friend: I am very glad to buy your letter. You did not say how much it was, so I send you 25 cents, and I trust it will help you a little. I think it is very nice for little girls to know how to help, and I trust you will go on all your life doing what you can for others. Sincerely your friend, GROVER CLEVELAND."

To a little girl of Youngsboro, Penn., Flosie Davis by name, who, upon being given a cent by her Sunday-school teacher, had turned the penny (by going into the pen-wiper business) into \$20, Mrs. Cleveland wrote—when she received from this little child a letter enclosing one of her pen-wipers with the request to purchase it—its follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, March 9, 1888.

her birthday card which she had sent him, and which has recently come to my notice, is worth preserving:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., March 12, 1888.

"My Dear Young Friend: I was very much pleased to receive your handsome birthday card, and thank you for it. I think you will have a very nice date for your birthday, and I hope that you will live to enjoy a great many in the future. I do not expect to see as many as you will, but I mean to be very thankful for all the birthdays that are given to me, and try and do my duty a little better with each year that is added to my age. I have perfectly well that you will try and improve yourself each year, so that on every 15th day of March you will be nearer to the best of all earthly things—a kind, accomplished, refined and useful woman. You and I must see to it that this day is properly cared for and kept reputable. I mean to send my picture with this. Perhaps you will care a little bit for it, and I don't know what else to send you. Your friend, GROVER CLEVELAND."

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Grim Senator Edmunds, too, is a successful writer for children. Some time ago a Southern paper referred to the fact that he is a good father, and knows how to make soap and calves' foot jelly. A little girl read the paragraph and wrote to the Senator for a receipt, inclosing in her letter a sprig of jasmine; this is the reply that she received:

"Senator Edmunds, Washington, March 14, 1887.

"Dear Little Miss: I have your note with the pretty jasmine flowers. With the truthfulness of youth, you believe what the newspapers print, but they have misled you in this instance. I do not know how to make soap or calves' foot jelly. I sometimes think I know how to make butter and laws that, like soap, are sometimes dishonest, and I fear, sometimes bad. Cookery is a real art, and I hope you will learn it perfectly and grow up to be a true American woman, knowing how to do everything which makes a home happy. Yours truly, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS."

Mrs. Logan, I hear, is very much annoyed by a story going the rounds lately, said to have been told by a "visitor." The "visitor" was with Mrs. Logan looking over her fine lawn, and observing some lots adjoining, asked if they belonged to her property.

"No," was Mrs. Logan's reply. "I rent that ground of Senator Sherman for my vegetable garden. I pay him \$15 a year for the use of it."

Thereupon the "visitor" tells the story as an illustration of Senator Sherman's thrift and as proof that the Senator's thrift goes so far as to exact even the small sum of \$15 rent from Mrs. Logan for her vegetable garden. She has talked with no "visitor" on the subject, nor, indeed, has she ever said to any one of a pasture lot for her cow free for a number of years. But about a year ago she wished to plant some corn and potatoes. She saw that Senator Sherman's farm adjoining her drive would be a convenient bit of land for the purpose. She wrote a note to the Senator and offered him \$30 a year for the use of this ground. The offer stipulated that he should pay the taxes and put the fences in order. She would keep the ground as long as these terms were satisfactory to the Senator. Mrs. Logan made her own terms, and, as she said the other day, "I was only too glad to get the ground on my offer." It is Mrs. Logan, I think, who deserves to be called thrifty, but thrifty in the best sense of the word. She is a woman of well-known industry and good management. To have her home free from debt and to be free from the worry incident to lack of means has lifted a great burden from her. Mrs. Logan is a practical woman, and she sincerely appreciates the kindness and generosity of the friends who have made her future one of comfort and ease. But she is not a woman to sit down with folded hands because she might do so. On the contrary, she is a busy woman in her own house, and she has again taken up her work for the Garfield Hospital. She has been for some time president of the Ladies' Aid, but after her husband's death she found it impossible to attend to the duties. But she is now showing her old interests and is again active as work for the hospital.